

So Now Is Come
Our Feast

An Old
Christmas Poem
by Geo. Wither

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH



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So Now Is Come
Our Feast

HE boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary,
And I pray you, my masters, be merry.

*Quot eftis in convivia
Caput apri deferro.
Reddens laudes Domino."*

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I

So now is come our joyful'st feast,

Let every man be jolly;

Each room with ivy leaves is drest,

And every post with holly.

Though some churkls at our mirth repine,

Round your foreheads garlands twine,

Drown sorrow in a cup of wine

And let us all be merry.

II

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas logs are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meats choke
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.

III

Now every lad is wondrous trim,
And no man minds his labour;
Our lasses have provided them
A bag-pipe and a tabor;
Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
Give life to one another's joys;
And you anon shall, by their noise,
Perceive that they are merry.

IV

Rank misers do now their sparing shun;
Their halls of music soundeth,
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
So all things there aboundeth.
The country folks themselves advance
For fiddlers they come out of France,
And Jack shall pipe and Jill shall dance
And all the town be merry.

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